

In this week's "Unsolved Crime" STUART MARTIN asks DID THIS SKELETON CAUSE HER HUSBAND'S DEATH?



Let's relax—have you got a Dream Island?

EVERY man has his pipe-dream of a paradise isle. With some chaps it's tropical, like the fifty hopefuls who have set up a Utopian colony on Nukahiva, far from the Japs in the Eastern Pacific, amid the Marquesas.

With others it is frankly escapist, like the nineteen dreamers who set out for Caicos, 650 miles to the east of Miami. Launching a forthright personal plan to find security for their wives and children, they plan to develop the island's resources, even to taming a herd of wild cattle.

Then, with milk and butter—and maybe even eggs—they'll live tax-free and presumably happily ever after.

It can be done! On Lord Howe Island, in the Tasman Sea, 150 people are living in absolute contentment nearly a century after the first two pioneer families settled on the island to grow foodstuffs for sale to passing whalers.

Everyone has a home and an income, and poverty is unknown. What's more, no one need work more than two hours a week, and all the wealth of the island is shared.

Here's the reason: Lord Howe Island provides most of the florists' palms which decorate peace-time ships, hotels and cinemas all over the world. The palm seed is a public monopoly administered by the islanders' Board of Control, and the income from its sale maintains the entire population.

IDEAL LIFE.

Then there are the dozens of beautiful islands around the Great Barrier Reef. You can

FLORENCE RICARDO, widow of a captain in the Guards, was pretty and in her early twenties. Oh, yes, very pretty; emotional, of the merry-widow cut, walking through life with the intention of enjoying it.

She had not had a happy life with the captain of the Guards. He had been unfaithful, very unfaithful, and neglectful. They lived in a fairly large house, The Priory, Balham, overlooking the Common, and when she became a widow young Mrs. Ricardo engaged a Mrs. Cox (herself a widow, with one or two children) to act as companion and help.

Mrs. Cox was a very capable woman, very efficient, very inquisitive into the affairs of Mrs. Ricardo, and very companionable. But very sinister. She moves behind Mrs. Ricardo's tragedy like the ghost at a feast; very sinister. For there was a skeleton in The Priory cupboard.

This grisly ghost, which Mrs. Ricardo revealed to Mrs. Cox, was that she was "in love" with an elderly doctor (retired and married) who lived on the other side of the Common; and not only "in love" with this Dr. Gully, but that they were fellow sinners. In a word, their love was of the carnal kind.

ANOTHER LOVER.

In the summer of 1875, Mrs. Ricardo and Mrs. Cox went for a holiday to the South Coast. When they returned, Mrs. Ricardo, the dashing young widow, found herself deeply attracted to an admirer of quite a different kind. He was Charles Bravo, a handsome, young, wealthy barrister. And he was passionately in love with her.

Up popped the skeleton. Should a Woman Tell? Mrs. Ricardo asked the advice of

Mrs. Cox; and Mrs. Cox answered in the affirmative; so Mrs. Ricardo told Charles Bravo.

I have seen the letter in which she told him that he had behaved "in the noblest manner," and added: "Need I tell you that I have written to the doctor telling him I must never see his face again? It is the right thing to do, whether we marry, or whether we do not. . . . I know you are a good man."

Charles Bravo pushed the skeleton aside, and continued to press his case with Mrs. Ricardo. And here the sinister figure of Mrs. Cox casts her first shadow. She actually went to Mr. Bravo and suggested to him that he tell his parents about Dr. Gully and Mrs. Ricardo.

MADE HIS CONDITION.

Mr. Bravo declined to do this. After all, he was getting a substantial allowance from his father, a wealthy man, and the facts might have disturbed the father. But Charles Bravo did make it a condition that when he married Mrs. Ricardo the name of Dr. Gully should never be mentioned in his home.

So he married Mrs. Ricardo and she became Mrs. Bravo, and he went to live in her house at Balham. He just "hung his hat in the hall," and that was that. It was a very unusual arrangement, but it worked—for a while.

Charlie Bravo was a very, very jealous man. After the first few weeks of married life there broke out disputes, which developed into quarrels, between him and his bride. In six months' time he was taunting her with the name of Dr. Gully. Tears and accusations; regrets and makings-up.

Moreover, Bravo became exceedingly parsimonious, although the joint income of himself and his wife was about £5,000. He suggested that they should sell the hack he kept for riding exercise; and also that Mrs. Bravo could do without the services of Mrs. Cox.

SHOWED HIS JEALOUSY.

His idea was to give Mrs. Cox a year's salary and a free passage abroad. Mrs. Cox refused this offer, and it was agreed that she should stay at The Priory until she got another position.

On the morning of Monday, April 17th, 1876, Mrs. Bravo drove with her husband from Balham to the Temple, and there was a scene even in the brougham. The coachman heard them arguing. Mr. Bravo used some jealous, hurtful expressions to his wife—and then they made it up again.

That evening Bravo went home somewhat early, and then

went out riding. He was thrown by his horse and was considerably shaken, but he came down to dinner as usual. There were only the three of them in the dining-room—Mr. and Mrs. Bravo and Mrs. Cox. It was rather a heavy meal, and with it Charles had burgundy, while the two women had sherry.

After the meal Mrs. Bravo went to bed, saying she had a headache, which was not to be wondered at in view of the scene in the brougham that morning. Mrs. Cox also left the room, and Charles stayed to smoke a cigar.

It was not long before he, too, went upstairs, and a few minutes later Mrs. Cox heard him calling "Florence! Florence! Bring some hot water!"

But Mrs. Bravo was asleep in the next room, and Mrs. Cox, going up, woke her. Together the two went into Mr. Bravo's bedroom. He was lying on the floor in great pain.

Doctors were sent for, among them a Harley Street specialist. They diagnosed an irritant poison. Mrs. Bravo then sent for Sir William Gull, who knew her quite well. It was Sir William Gull, who saved the life of Edward VII when Prince of Wales when the latter had typhoid. (Do not confuse Sir William Gull with Dr. Gully who has already been mentioned.)

POISON KILLED HIM.

Sir William at once asked Bravo what poison he had been taking. The reply was that all he had taken was a little laudanum to rub on an aching tooth; and "perhaps some had been swallowed by mistake."

But this was not laudanum poisoning. And at last, on the Friday, Sir William frankly said to the patient: "You are a dying man. There is still time to tell the truth, so that an innocent person may not be suspected. What poison did you take?"

The answer from the patient, who already had the death-sweat on him, was that it was "only laudanum."

So Charles Bravo died. A post-mortem examination revealed that he had swallowed a large dose of antimony. But how had that antimony been administered?

They held an inquest at The Priory, an open verdict was returned, and Charles Bravo was buried.

But all this was not satisfactory to Mr. Bravo's father. Not very satisfactory. He discussed matters with the dead son's friends. And the result was an almost unheard-of action.

LEGAL ARRAY.

A second inquest was held, the body was exhumed so the jury could see it, and a cart-load of lawyers attended.

The late Sir George Lewis appeared for the parents. Mr. Henry James (afterwards Lord James of Hereford) represented young Mrs. Bravo. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., represented Mrs. Cox. The Crown sent the Solicitor-General and counsel from the Home Office.

Mrs. Cox unexpectedly asked permission to make a statement. It was to the effect that Florence Bravo had told her that in the event



of Charles Bravo dying she would marry Dr. Gully when Mrs. Gully died.

Mrs. Florence Bravo, heavy with mourning, denied this, and was questioned harshly about Dr. Gully. Every shred of her association with that man was dragged out. She appealed to the coroner to protect her from these confessions. The coroner could not protect her.

And then into the court stalked Dr. Gully himself, dignified, over sixty years of age, calm. He insisted on making a statement on oath. His statement was: "On my solemn oath I declare I had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with Mr. Bravo's death. Since Mrs. Ricardo's marriage I have had no communication with her whatever."

He added that Mrs. Cox had come five times to see him, but her errands were not clear, and he had forbidden her to come again, and told his servants not to admit her. As for Mr. Bravo, he had never seen him, nor had Mr. Bravo ever seen him.

It was a remarkable inquest, but the trend was obvious, if not spoken. It was an attempt to pin the killing of Charles Bravo on his young wife.

The jury brought in a verdict that Bravo was wilfully murdered, but "there was not sufficient evidence to fix the guilt on any person or persons."

Mr. Bravo senior offered £500 reward for evidence of how the antimony had been bought. The police offered £250 for evidence that would convict the murderers. The rewards were never claimed.

SO SHE DIED, TOO.

Less than a year later Florence Bravo died, very weary of life, very bruised by the publicity, very pitiful. But still very beautiful.

I call this a "very" story. Everything was done with that very cold, very non-human efficiency of class.

The great lawyers were very anxious to prove their worth. The skeleton in Florence Ricardo's cupboard was examined in detail, openly, very legally. Charles Bravo's father was very determined to lay the blame for his son's death somewhere.

Mrs. Cox was very insistent on playing up the attachment between Dr. Gully and her young, mistress. And she was proved a liar.

She was under notice to quit. She was the very sinister shadow behind the setting of the drama.

There was no antimony in Charles Bravo's burgundy. How did he take it?

He usually drank deep from his water carafe before retiring. And in seeking to nail the young widow nobody asked about that carafe. It had been emptied. Very suggestive that.



at high tide the island sinks partially from view, and nearly half its area is submerged!

Then there is that strange Pacific isle of Rapa. Robert Casey, the traveller, visited it a few years ago and reported that it was inhabited by 198 women and four men. "This quartette lived like caliphs," Casey said, "and did not even lift a finger to put food in their mouths. When they complained of sun and dust the women carried them gently to the water's edge and bathed them in the sea. . . . But perhaps that's also a snag. Or is it?"

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

The Man With Two Beards

By G. K. CHESTERTON

FOR a moment they all saw something—something that cleared Opal of the charges of lying and hysteria not uncommonly brought against her.

Thrust out of the slate-blue darkness without, the face was pale, or perhaps blanched by pressure against the glass; and the great glaring eyes, encircled as with rings, gave it the look of a great fish out of the dark blue sea nosing at the porthole of a ship. But the gills or fins of the fish were a coppery red; they were, in truth, fierce red whiskers and the upper part of a red beard. The next moment it had vanished.

Devine had taken a single stride towards the window when a shout resounded through the house.

"Necklace gone!" shouted John Bankes, appearing huge and heaving in the doorway, and almost instantly vanished again with the plunge of a pursuing hound.

"Thief was at the window just now," cried the detective, who had already darted to the door, following the headlong John, who was already in the garden.

"Be careful," warned Mrs. Bankes, "they have pistols and things."

"So have I," boomed the distant voice of the dauntless John out of the dark garden.

Devine had, indeed, noticed as the young man plunged

past him that he was defiantly brandishing a revolver, and hoped there would be no need for him so to defend himself.

But at that moment came the shock of two shots, as if one answered the other, and awakened a wild flock of echoes in that still suburban garden. They flapped into silence.

"Is John dead?" asked Opal in a low, shuddering voice.

Father Brown had already advanced deeper into the darkness and stood with his back to them, looking at something. It was he who answered her.

"No," he said, "it is the other."

Carver had joined him, and for a moment the two figures, the tall and the short, blocked out what view the fitful and stormy moonlight would allow.

Then they moved to one side, and the others saw the small, wiry figure lying slightly twisted as if with its last struggle. The false red beard was thrust upwards, as if scornfully, at the sky, and the moon shone on the great sham spectacles of the man who had been called Moonshine.

"What an end," muttered the detective Carver. "After all his adventures, to be shot almost by accident in a suburban garden."

"I had to do it," John gasped, still panting from exertion. "I'm sorry; he fired at me."

"There will be an inquest,

of course," said Carver. "But you needn't worry. There's a revolver fallen from his hand, with one shot discharged; and he certainly didn't fire after he got yours."

By this time they had assembled again in the room, and the detective was gathering up his papers. Father Brown was standing as if in a brown study. Then he spoke abruptly:

"Mr. Carver, you have certainly worked out a very complete case in a very masterly way; I never guessed you would link everything up together so quickly."

"Always satisfactory to get a case really rounded off," said Carver.

"Yes," said Father Brown. "I admire it very much." Then he added: "It's only fair to you to say I don't believe a word of it."

Devine leaned forward. "Do you mean you don't believe he is Moonshine, the burglar?"

"I know he is the burglar, but he didn't burgle," answered Father Brown. "I know he didn't come here, or to the great house, to steal jewels, or get shot getting away with them. Where are the jewels?"

"Where they are generally in such cases," said Carver. "He's either hidden them or passed them on to a confederate. This was not a one-man job."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Bankes, "the confederate stole the necklace while Moonshine was looking in at the window."

"Why should Moonshine want to look in at the window?" asked Father Brown quietly.

"Well, what do you think?" cried the cheery John.

"I think," said Father Brown, "that he never did want to look in at the window."

"Then why did he do it?" demanded Carver. "What's the good of talking in the air like

that? We've seen the whole thing acted before our eyes."

"I've seen a good many things acted before my eyes that I didn't believe in," replied the priest.

"Father Brown," said Devine, "will you tell us why you cannot believe your eyes?"

"Yes, I will try," answered the priest. Then he said gently: "You know what I am. I don't bother you much. But you can't think I do nothing, you can't think I know nothing. We mind our own business, but we know our own people. I knew this dead man very well indeed; I was his confessor and friend. So far as a man can, I knew his mind when he left that garden to-day; and his mind was like a glass hive, full of golden bees. He was one of those great penitents who manage to make more out of penitence than others can make out of virtue; it did me good to be so near so good a man. And when I saw him lying there, dead, it seemed to me as if certain strange words that were said of old were spoken over him aloud in my ear."

"Hang it all," said John Bankes restlessly, "after all, he was a convicted thief."

"Yes," said Father Brown, "and only a convicted thief has ever in this world heard that assurance: 'This night shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'"

At last Devine said abruptly: "How do you explain it?"

The priest shook his head. "I can't explain it at all, just yet," he said simply. "I can't prove the man's innocence, but I'm quite sure I'm right."

He sighed and put out his hand for his big round hat. Then his expression changed as he looked at the table with the detective's papers and the tawdry old property beard and spectacles.

"Lord bless us," muttered Father Brown, "but he's lying outside dead in a beard and spectacles."

"Why," asked the priest, "did he have two beards?"

With that he bustled in his undignified way out of the room, and Devine followed him.

"I can't tell you now," said Father Brown. "I'm bothered about what to do. Come round and see me to-morrow. It may already be settled for me, and—did you hear that noise?"

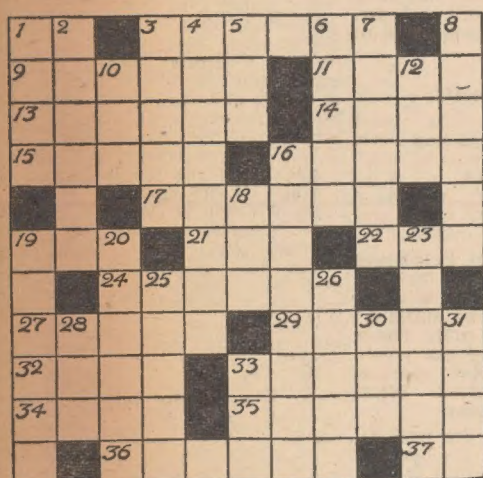
"A motor-car starting," remarked Devine.

"Mr. John Bankes's motor-car," said the priest. "I believe it goes very fast."

"He is certainly of that opinion," said Devine with a smile.

"It will go far as well as

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Belonging to.
- 3 Poem.
- 9 Come.
- 11 Guitar-like instrument.
- 13 Gull.
- 14 Fall in drops.
- 15 General purport.
- 16 Money.
- 17 Inate character.
- 19 Tennis games.
- 21 Good number.
- 22 Carmine.
- 24 Discharge.
- 27 Planet.
- 29 Thing talked of.
- 32 Eager.
- 33 Conclusion.
- 34 Pungent taste.
- 35 Admitted.
- 36 Class of nouns.
- 37 Direction.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Kiln.
- 2 Chill.
- 3 Boy's name.
- 4 Outer garments.
- 5 Novel.
- 6 Tree.
- 7 Lathe-worker.
- 8 Rely.
- 10 Sprinted.
- 12 Face-ache.
- 16 Supposed.
- 18 Besides.
- 19 Style of boxing.
- 20 Harmonising.
- 23 Banishes.
- 25 Elbow.
- 26 Giver.
- 28 Girl's name.
- 30 Beast's foot.
- 31 Yield.
- 33 Pet notion.

SHIPS SERGE UNRAVEL ON BRAID PICOT ARUM FACADE ARUM COLIN R HUB Y TAR M ROPES DEN ORATOR PICE TILTS PLAIT IF LENIENT FEWER EASEL

FIGURE THIS OUT

SNOOPER WHITE picked up Shorty's box of matches by mistake, struck one, and absent-mindedly transferred to his own box enough to double his own supply. Pincher Brown then accidentally took Snooper's box, struck one, threw out a dud, and he also transferred to his box enough to double his supply.

A show-down revealed that Snooper, Shorty and Pincher finished up with exactly the same number of matches each.

How many had each to start and finish with?

(Answer in No. 179)

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



If we tell you that she positively excels in a certain sport as well as being a film star of renown, will that help you to decide who is the owner of these charming eyes? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 177: Ann Sheridan.

fast, to-night," said Father Brown.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the other.

"I mean it will not return," replied the priest. "John Bankes suspected something of what I knew from what I said. John Bankes has gone, and the emeralds and all the other jewels with him."

(To be continued)

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton).

WANGLING WORDS—134

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after GEBRAIC, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of NO CLOUDS to make a Surrey village near London.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WATER into ELVES, HOOK into LINE, GIRL into BOYS, BODY into SOUL.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from GEOMETRY?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 133

- 1.—ENheartEN.
- 2.—JOHN O' GROATS.
- 3.—GRIT, GRIM, PRIM, PRAM, DRAM, DRAT, DOAT, DOST, DUST.
- 4.—MUCH, MUSH, MESH, MESS, LESS.
- 5.—FIRE, FARE, PARE, PARK, PORK, WORK.
- 6.—BACK, RACK, RICK, RISK, RISE, ROSE, ROTE, ROTS, ROES, DOES, DOER, DOOR.
- 7.—Bice, Tine, Rite, Tire, Tier, Near, Rain, Race, Care, Cars, Cart, Crib, Bins, Cran, Bier, Bear, Bare, Cans, Scan, Tans, Neat, etc.
- 8.—Train, Trice, Trace, Saint, Cries, Sabre, Trine, Tiers, Scare, Caret, Biter, Barns, Canst, Stain, Brast, Brain, Brace, Taint, Crest, Scant, etc.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

QUIZ for today

1. A tormentil is a snake, a plant, a Spanish dance, an instrument of torture, a piece of music?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Lady of Shalott," (b) "The Lady of Lyons"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Tom Dorsay, Kreisler, Paderewski, Tauber, Teddy Brown?
4. What is the top speed of a swordfish?
5. Who said, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand"?
6. What is the length of the Suez Canal?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Belligerent, Belevie, Cerebrum, Encomiam, Entramel, Fissure?
8. What is the height of Salisbury Cathedral?
9. Who was Bardolph?
10. Correct, "O to be in England now that May is there." Who wrote it?
11. Beethoven died in 1817, 1827, 1837, 1847, 1897?
12. Complete the following common phrases: (a) Fair, —, and —; (b) Liberty, —, and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 177

1. Straw mattress.
2. (a) John Strange Winter, (b) Kipling.
3. Bugloss is a flower; the others are birds.
4. Old Boy of Winchester College.
5. Winchester.
6. About 123 yards per hour.
7. Winchester College.
8. Lake Superior (Canada and U.S.A.).
9. Character in "Pickwick Papers."
10. "I do not love thee." Tom Brown.
11. 1381.
12. (a) And Son; (b) and Livingstone.

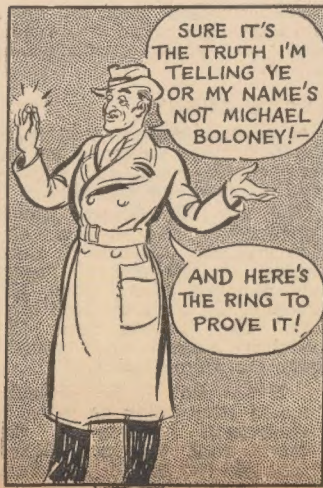
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in SHRIMP, but not in TURBOT,
My second's in PRAWN, but not in BURBOT,
My third is in HERRING, not in LOACH,
My fourth is in GRAYLING, not in ROACH,
My fifth is in KIPPER, not in CRAB,
My sixth is in MINNOW, not in DAB,
My seventh's in GURNARD, not in PLAICE,
My last is in MULLET, not in DACE.

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE



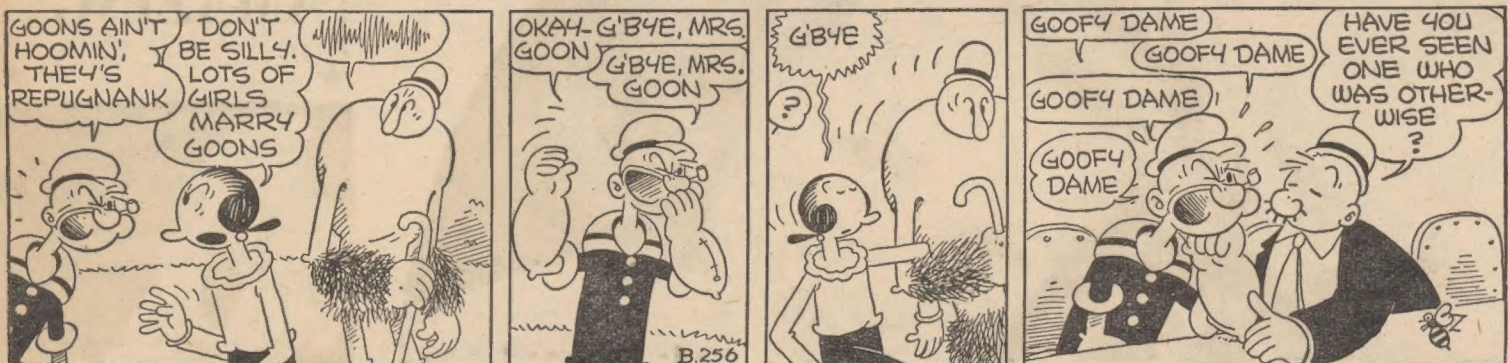
BEELZEBUB JONES



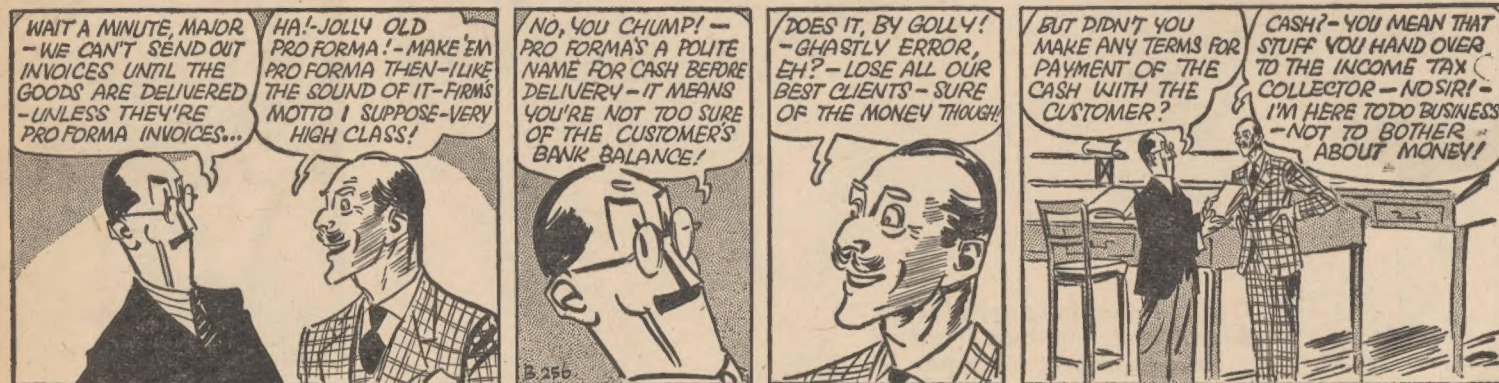
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

Can you answer "Yes" or "No"?

1. Was the "father of automobilism" a German?
2. Did Britain ever have steam-cars on the roads?
3. Did Henry Ford make the first petrol motor-car?
4. Was the first car race held at the Crystal Palace?
5. Were cars in Britain preceded by red flags in 1900?

STEAM-COACH, steam-carriage, automobile—the successive names of the motor-car tell us something of its history.

It is impossible to say who first made a self-moving carriage.

Johann Hausach, a Nuremberg watchmaker, is reputed to have made a vehicle driven by clockwork; a Dutchman, Simon Stevin, fitted a carriage with sails.

But the practical and semi-successful steam-coach made by the Frenchman, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, is the first mechanical road car of which we have knowledge, and Cugnot has been called "the father of automobilism" (answer to Question 1).

His machine, now a treasured exhibit in the Paris Museum of Arts and Crafts, consisted of a long carriage, having in front a pivoted platform bearing the machinery and resting on a solid wheel which propelled as well as steered the vehicle.

A boiler was fitted above an enclosed furnace. A couple of cylinders, provided with a simple reversing gear, worked a ratchet that communicated motion to the driving wheel.

Cugnot's steam-coach travelled only at a slow walking pace. By 1770 he had so improved it that it reached the moderate speed of four miles an hour.

It distinguished itself by charging and knocking down a stone wall. This feat had the effect of deterring engineers from developing a seemingly dangerous mode of progression.

In England, Richard Trevethick, later to become famous as a railroad engineer, built a steam-carriage, much smaller than Cugnot's steam-coach, and drove it from Cambourne to Plymouth, a distance of 90 miles—which answers Question 2. This was in 1802.

But Trevethick did not follow up his success; he turned to the construction of locomotives. Between the years 1800 and 1836, many steam vehicles appeared on the roads.

STEAM CENTIPEDE. Some were strangely impractical, such as David Gordon's, which was propelled by metal legs pressing upon the ground.

Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, an eminent chemist, spent large sums of money on experimental six-wheeled coaches.

Travelling through Melksham in 1829, he and his coach were stoned by a crowd of roughs, at the instigation of some coaching postillions, and he took shelter in a brewery.

Regular public services were put into operation all over the country, but soon a cloud appeared on the horizon.

The railway companies were up in arms.

THE RED FLAG. In 1836 a law was passed that in future "every road locomotive should be preceded at a distance of one hundred yards by a man on foot carrying a red flag to warn passengers of its approach."

The second period of automobile history began in 1890, when Gottlieb Daimler, a German engineer, introduced the petrol gas-motor, so that's the answer to Question 3. Makers recognised it as the machine for which they had been waiting.

But the steam-carriage died hard. When the "Petit Journal" organised the first motor race from Paris to Rouen (answer to Question 4), steam competed with petrol. Daimler's car, however, won the day.

The following year another race was run from Paris to Bordeaux and back. Serpollet, de Dion, and Bollee built steam-cars for the race which would try to win back for steam its lost supremacy. The petrol faction secretly built cars of a strength to outpace the steam-carriage and kill its reputation.

Soon after the start the steam-cars broke down. The automobiles won a decisive victory. So much interest was aroused in the race that the Comte de Dion founded the Automobile Club of France. Racing became a craze.

THREE-WHEELERS. Makers could not keep pace with the demands for cars. Rich men paid fabulous prices. Poorer folks had to be satisfied with the de Dion motor tricycles, which did so well in the 1896 Paris-Marseilles race; or with the little three-wheeled cars of M. Bollee.

In 1910 a thousand motor-cars assembled to see the sport on the Longchamps Course. America, Germany and Belgium entered the field of motor-car production.

Britain, free since 1896 of the red-flag tyranny—so that solves Question 5—thanks to the efforts of Sir David Salomons, forged ahead.

The era of the high-powered, luxury motor-car had dawned.

Solution to Allied Ports.
MARYPORT.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England



Are you the cow who gives me my lovely milk? I've been looking all over the show for you. I'd like to stroke you, but I don't like your eyes a bit, you know.



"No, Sirs; I'm not trying to 'panda' myself. One must bathe now and again. Besides, I rather like tickling myself with this brush."



Autumn rains swell the river, and almost hate the weir which puts the brake on their mad rush to the sea. How calm are the autumn flowers in contrast.



Gosh! Priscilla Lane, Warner Bros.' star, right in front of the blinkin' periscope.

AMAZING!



"Sir, you stagger me. I positively recoil from such a suggestion. How dare you?"



"Well, of course, it's all a matter of opinion. Some people soak their clothes overnight — I always give mine just twelve minutes, like it says on the packet."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"That yarn won't wash, sister."

